

# THE CARIBBEAN WATCHMAN

"LET THEM GIVE GLORY UNTO THE LORD, AND DECLARE HIS PRAISE IN THE ISLANDS." ISA. 42:12.

Vol 4—No 6

Port-of-Spain, June, 1906

[Price 3 Cents

## Song of the Loyal Workers.

C. P. WHITFORD.

E. F. RIMBAULT.

1. We're loy-al work-ers for the right, Our lamps are trimmed and burn ing bright;
2. We're work-ers now, O Lord, with Thee, And faithful may we ev-er be;
3. And when our work on earth is done, And Je-sus calls His work-ers home,
4. And when we see Christ's smil-ing face,—Saved and re-deemed by His free grace,

The flag of truth we'll keep unfurled, And bear God's message to the world.  
The truth proclaim where'er we go, That Christ is coming soon we know.  
We'll then en-joy a long sweet rest, With Christ, our Lord, and all the blest.  
We then will walk the streets of gold, And sing, "the half was never told."

### CHORUS.

Hap - py day! hap - py day! When storm and clouds shall pass away;

And thro' the part-ed skies a-bove, We'll see the face of Him we love.

Hap - py day! hap - py day! O hast-en on that hap-py day.





PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

### International Tract Society.

Registered as a newspaper at Port-of-Spain, Trinidad.

S. A. Wellman .. .. . Business Manager

#### Terms of Subscription.

Per Year, post-paid, . . . . . 48cts.  
Six Months . . . . . 24cts.

#### To Our Patrons

Please be careful to write all names of persons and places plainly.

Send Money by Post Office Money Order, or Bank Draft on New York or London.

Orders and Drafts should be made payable to S. A. Wellman.

When Subscriptions Expire no more papers are sent to the party except by special arrangement.

Address all Manuscript or correspondence for the editor to Geo. F. Enoch, Bridgetown, Barbados.

#### The Caribbean Watchman

is published at 31 Dundonald St., Port-of-Spain, Trinidad. All correspondence on business matters connected therewith should be addressed to the Caribbean Watchman, Port-of-Spain, Trinidad. B. W. I. Any Mistakes Occurring will be promptly rectified upon notice being sent this office.

#### To Advertisers

The fact, that an advertisement appears in this paper indicates that, as far as its managers can ascertain, it is reliable. No matter of an objectionable nature is received, the aim being to make the advertising columns come into strict accord with the principles advocated by the paper.

#### Offices and Agencies of

#### International Tract Society :

##### Offices

Port-of-Spain, Trinidad,  
Bridgetown, Barbados,  
Kingston, Jamaica.

##### Agencies

Mrs. A. Sampson, 161 Lamaha St., Georgetown, Demerara.  
L. E. Wellman, 24, Church St., St. John's, Antigua  
W. A. Sweany, Box 118, St. George's, Grenada.  
I. G. Knight, Bocas-del-Toro, R. de Panama, S. A.  
H. C. Goodrich, Belize, Br. Honduras, C. A. ercia.  
J. A. Morrow, Hamilton, Bermuda.  
C. E. Peckover, Christobal, R. de Panama, S.A.

##### Island Agents

(In addition to the above.)

J. J. Smith, St. Thomas; P. Giddings, Mrs. Roskrug Roseau, Dominica; Jno. E. Sweaney, Nevis; R. N. A. Batson, Castries, St. Lucia; A. A. Clarke, Kingstown, St. Vincent; T. L. M. Spencer, Tobago; A. J. Wright, Port- Limon, Costa Rica.

**Dyspepsia, Rheumatism,  
Fevers, and kindred ailments  
successfully treated  
at the**

## Treatment Rooms

SEAFIELD LODGE,  
Westbury Road,  
Bridgetown,  
Barbados.

C. W. ENOCH,  
Trained Nurse  
and Masseur,  
Proprietor.

# Book News.

We commenced the setting this week on the new edition of the *Family Bible Teacher*. Six thousand copies are to be run.

In the last shipment from New York, we received a few copies of the new work "Ministry of Healing." It is a beautiful volume, neatly bound, nicely illustrated with full page and small cuts. The cover design is a neatly executed design of the vine and grape clusters in three colours.

The divisions of the book are "The True Medical Missionary," "The Work of the Physician," "Medical Missionaries and Their Work," "The Care of the Sick," "Health Principles," "The Home," "The Essential Knowledge," and "The Workers Need."

*Good Health* for May comes to us full of the usual good advice on the matter of healthful living. It grows better as it grows older and you are missing much that would be a blessing to you in not taking it every month. When your WATCHMAN Agent comes around insist that he bring you a *Good Health*. Read it thoroughly and we are certain you will call for it again.

A new stock of *Seer of Patmos* just received was disposed of almost before it was unpacked. If you have not read the work place your order in time for the next shipment. No more interesting religious work could be placed in your home. It will hold the attention from beginning to end.

*An Appeal To The Clergy*—This new tract of twelve pages, is an excellent statement of the main facts of the Sabbath question. In as concise a manner as possible it brings out the Bible arguments, meets the objections of those who

oppose the Scripture statements with regard to the Bible Sabbath. It is just the thing to place in the hands of persons interested in this question.

"How easy it is now, while the whole world is shocked over the great earthquake in California, to call attention to the meaning of such occasions as explained in some of our publications. "Heralds of the Morning" and "Coming King," or the small and inexpensive book, "His Glorious Appearing," are good books to set before the people truths that the recent California earthquake will emphasize and indelibly impress upon the mind. "Coming King" and "Heralds of the Morning" are only \$1 and \$1.50 respectively in cloth bindings, and "His Glorious Appearing," in cloth, is only 40 cents."

On our front cover this month will be found a song to the tune of "Happy Day" by the author of the song-book "Songs for Service in Church and Home." We hope to present in future numbers further selections from the book itself.

It is a volume containing 256 pages, bound in board covers and has an excellent selection of songs most of which are new. Price 50 cents.

#### Address—

WATCHMAN PRESS,  
31 Dundonald Street,  
Port-of-Spain, Trinidad.

International Tract Society,  
32 Text Lane,  
Kingston, Jamaica.

International Tract Society,  
139 Lamaha Street,  
Georgetown, Demerara.

In replying to Advertisements please mention "Caribbean Watchman."



# THE CARIBBEAN WATCHMAN

"LET THEM GIVE GLORY UNTO THE LORD, AND DECLARE HIS PRAISE IN THE ISLANDS." ISA. 42: 12.

Vol. 4—No. 6.]

Port-of-Spain, June, 1906.

[Price 3 Cents.

## The Anvil of God's Word

Last eve I passed beside a blacksmith's door,  
And heard the anvil's vesper chime;  
Then looking in, I saw upon the floor  
Old hammers worn with beating years  
of time.

"How many anvils have you had," said I,  
"To wear and batter all these hammers so?"  
"Just one," he answered, then with twinkling eye,  
"The anvil wears the hammers out,  
you know."

And so, I thought, the anvil of God's word  
For ages skeptic-blows have beat upon;  
Yet though the noise of falling blows  
was heard,  
The anvil is unworn—the hammers gone  
—Selected.



Almost as we closed the printing of the first article upon this subject we were reminded very forcibly of the truth that we live on the rending folds of earth's outer garment. Scarce had our paper found its way to the stitching machines, when, from across the water came the ominous tidings of another rent and its disastrous results in the city of San Francisco, the metropolis of western America and the leading seaport of the Pacific.

As a result of a terrific earth-quake which took place, the main business portion of the city was thrown down, a magnificent city hall, recently erected at a cost of several million dollars was wrecked, and as an aftermath, fire broke out, and for three days ran riot, unchecked in spite of almost superhuman efforts, until a favouring wind came to the aid of the struggling firemen. Then and not till then was there any hope held out for the doomed city, and as it lies even now the greater portion is a scene of desolation. Where once great buildings rose, sheltering the businesses of the city, and where homes humble or palatial, housed the rich or poor, lie the barren wastes of a destroyed country. Hundreds of thousands are homeless, having lost their all, and many others are sheltering in tents provided by the State and Government until their homes can be rebuilt. It is

said that the United States has known no greater disaster in recent years.

"I have overthrown some of you, as God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah, and ye were as fire brands plucked out of the burning; yet have ye not returned unto me, saith the Lord." These words coupled with those quoted in our May issue, at the close, fitly represent God's attitude and reason for the conditions which prevail in the earth itself to-day. (See page eleven for a further report of the earthquake itself.)

### The Diseases of Man

When first the earth was trod by men, it was intended by the Creator that man should live forever. But by sin, man brought upon himself the sentence of death, "dying thou shalt die," and ever since man, though living for a time, has met at last the execution of this divine decree. Century by century the shortening chain of life has given the human race less time upon the earth, until to-day, in place of the nine hundred years of the founder of the race, we have the scarce forty summers of the average human being. Year by year even this is shortening, and there are those among medical and scientific men who say that at the present rate of decrease the human race cannot hold its own many years longer. However this may be, suffice it to say that the condition is a

lucid commentary upon the diseased condition of the world and a portentous sign of the shortening of its days. How short they may be and how many yet remain, He alone knows who controls all things.

Our Saviour while upon earth, gave us among the signs of his re-appearing, the increase of famines and pestilences in the earth. That this prophecy has been and is being fulfilled is easily demonstrated. Especially during the past two centuries has the condition been increasing until it scarce excites more than passing notice.

In "Coming King" Branscombe Ashley, M A., M D. states that Black Death or Bubonic Plague, Small Pox, Yellow Fever, Cholera are the products of the last few centuries, especially the last three named. All have originated since the prophecy quoted.

The author of Coming King says, since the article of Dr. Ashley's was written these diseases have not only increased most remarkably, both in severity and virulence, but have covered territory heretofore immune, and have become dreaded scourges in thickly populated centers both in the Old and New Worlds."

Nor do the before mentioned diseases complete the list of ailments that are leading factors in the death role of the world. Tuberculosis or consumption as it is commonly known, cancer, and a multitude of less virulent diseases are carrying down their thousands every year.

Tuberculosis has become so active in its operations during recent years, that everywhere special bureaus are being formed and special consideration and treatments given for the cure of this disease. In recent years it has frequently headed the lists, in swelling the mortality tables in Europe and America. Cancer also finds its thousands of victims annually and is rapidly increasing.

The inspired word tells us that these are signs of the coming of Christ; that before He comes they will grow more and more prevalent. Surely with the records before us of increase year after year we can but acknowledge the truth of the prophecy.

The same word tells us that before He comes even greater plagues and pestilences will come upon the earth.



That the inhabitants thereof will blaspheme God because of their pains and sores, but that they will not repent of their deeds. (See Rev. 16.) There are terrible scenes yet to be enacted upon the earth, and the scourges which now ravish vast portions of the earth are but a beginning. These are warnings of what the future holds in store.

But though the day of the Lord's fierce anger draws near, to those who love righteousness it brings no terrors. Of them the words of the prophet David are true: "He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings

shalt thou trust: His truth shall be thy shield and buckler. Thou shalt not be afraid of the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day; nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

"A thousand shall fall at thy side and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee. Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked." Psa. 91: 4-8.

God has sent, is sending and will send upon the earth pestilence and destruction. He says, "I have sent among you the pestilence of Egypt, . . . yet have ye not returned unto me saith the Lord." He sends us warnings of the days to come. The only refuge is to flee unto Him; to "seek Him while He may be found." Dear reader, are you heeding that warning? If not, why not now? "It may be ye shall be hid in the day of the Lord's anger."



Carrying a Plague Patient, in India.

## Bible Biography

### Seth and Enoch

To Adam was given another son, to be the inheritor of the divine promise, the heir of the spiritual birthright. The name Seth, given to this son, signified "appointed," or "compensation;" "for," said the mother, "God hath appointed me another seed instead of Abel, whom Cain slew." Seth was a worthy character, following in the steps of Abel. Yet he inherited no more natural goodness than did Cain. Concerning the creation of Adam it is said, "In the likeness of God made He him;" but man, after the fall, "begat a son in his own likeness, after his image." While Adam was created sinless, in the likeness of God, Seth, like Cain, inherits the fallen nature of his parents. But he received also the knowledge of the Redeemer, and instruction in righteousness. By divine grace he served and honoured God; and he laboured, as Abel would have done, had he lived, to turn the minds of sinful men to revere and obey their Creator.

Of Enoch it is written that he lived sixty-five years, and begat a son. After that he walked with God three hundred years. During these earlier years,

Enoch had loved and feared God, and had kept his commandments. He was one of the holy line, preservers of the true faith, the progenitors of the promised seed. From the lips of Adam he had learned the dark story of the fall, and the cheering one of God's grace as seen in the promise; and he relied upon the Redeemer to come. But after the birth of his first son, Enoch reached a higher experience; he was drawn into a closer relationship with God. He realised more fully his own obligations and responsibility as a son of God. And as he saw the child's love for its father, its simple trust in his protection; as he felt the deep, yearning tenderness of his own heart for that first-born son, he learned a precious lesson of the wonderful love of God to men in the gift of his Son, and the confidence which the children of God may repose in their heavenly Father. The infinite, unfathomable love of God through Christ, became the subject of his meditations day and night; and with all the fervour of his soul he sought to reveal that love to the people among whom he dwelt.

Enoch's walk with God was not in a trance or a vision, but in all the duties of his daily life. He did not become a

hermit, shutting himself entirely from the world; for he had work to do for God in the world. In the family and in his intercourse with men, as a husband and father, a friend, a citizen, he was the steadfast, unwavering servant of the Lord.

His heart was in harmony with God's will; for "can two walk together except they be agreed?" And this holy walk was continued for three hundred years. There are few Christians who would not be far more earnest and devoted if they knew that they had but a short time to live, or that the coming of Christ was about to take place. But Enoch's faith waxed the stronger, his love became more ardent, with the lapse of centuries.

Enoch was a man of strong and highly cultivated mind, and extensive knowledge: he was honoured with special revelation from God; yet being in constant communion with heaven, with a sense of the divine greatness and perfection ever before him, he was one of the humblest of men. The closer the connection with God, the deeper was the sense of his own weakness and imperfection.

Distressed by the increasing wickedness of the ungodly, and fearing that their infidelity might lessen his reverence for God, Enoch avoided constant association with them, and spent much time in solitude, giving himself to meditation and prayer. Thus he waited before the Lord, seeking a clearer knowledge of his will, that he might perform it. To him prayer was as the breath of the soul; he lived in the very atmosphere of heaven.

Enoch became a preacher of righteousness, making known to the people what God had revealed to him. Those who feared the Lord sought out this holy man, to share his instruction and his prayers. He laboured publicly also, bearing God's message to all who would hear the words of warning. His labours were not restricted to the Sethites. In the land where Cain had sought to flee from the divine presence, the prophet of God made known the wonderful scenes that had passed before his vision. "Behold," he declared, "the Lord cometh with ten thousands of his saints, to execute judgment upon all, and to convince all that are ungodly among them of all their ungodly deeds."

The men of this generation had mocked the folly of him who sought not to gather gold or silver, or to build up possessions here. But Enoch's heart was upon eternal treasures. He had looked upon the celestial city. He had seen the King in his glory in the midst of Zion. His mind, his heart, his conversation, were in heaven. The greater the existing iniquity, the more earnest was his longing for the home of God. While still on earth, he dwelt, by faith, in the realms of light.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.



# The Coming Conflict

## Unions and Combinations

Another scripture so fully describes the present situation, that we call attention to it here. Men see the way things are going. They know that the times are precarious and perilous, and, in order to save themselves from results which, unless something is done, they see must certainly follow, they resort to unions and combinations of various sorts. The labourers combine in unions, leagues, etc., to save themselves from ruin. Capitalists do the same. In the eighth chapter of Isaiah all this is described, together with its results, as follows: "Associate yourselves, O ye people, and ye shall be broken in pieces; and give ear all ye of far countries; gird yourselves, and ye shall be broken in pieces; gird yourselves and ye shall be broken in pieces. Take council together, and it shall come to naught; speak the word, and it shall not stand; for God is with us. For the Lord spake thus to me with a strong hand, and instructed me that I should not walk in the way of this people saying, Say ye not a confederacy, to all them to whom this people shall say, a confederacy; neither fear ye their fear, nor be afraid. Sanctify the Lord of hosts Himself; and let Him be your fear, and let Him be your dread. . . . And I will wait upon the Lord, that hideth his face from the house of Jacob, and I will look for Him."

Thus it is clearly shown that in the time of waiting and watching for the coming of the Lord, there will be a time of general distress and fear in view of what is coming, and of association, combinations, and federations for help to those who enter them. The word which they speak "shall not stand;" the counsel which they take together will "come to naught;" and the combination which they make "shall be broken in pieces."

No; no combination or association of men will save men in the time of trouble that is coming. Every effort made in this way will only increase the trouble, and make more certain the ruin which they hope to escape. This must be apparent to every one who will look candidly at these things as they are today; for never before was there a time in the world when there were such vast combinations of capital, and never was there a time when capital was so insecure. Never were there such vast organizations and combinations of labour as now, and never was labour in a worse plight. Unions, federations, combinations will not help matters. These evils

will grow worse and worse. Men themselves will grow worse and worse. 2 Tim. 3: 1-5, 13. By no combination or invention can men save themselves from themselves. None but the Lord can save men from the evils of their natures and the sure results of those evils.

But in the presence of these things, when men are in fear and dread, their very hearts failing them for fear, the Lord says to his people: "Stablish your hearts; for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh." Though others are in fear and dread, let your hearts be fixed and unmoved; the time of deliverance and reward is near at hand. All these

## Life's Toilers

I walked in life's highway,  
Through shop and mart and field;  
I watched the men whose stalwart arms  
The tools of labour wield.

Some worked with merry hearts,  
And hummed a snatch of song;  
But some were weary and oppressed  
With toiling sore and long,

I wondered that a gladsome song  
Should dwell so near a moan;  
That joy should light some happy eyes,  
—From others it had flown.

Till, questioning him who sang,  
Found hope and love were there;  
But in the heart of him who moaned,  
Was wretched, grim despair.

Toilers in life's highway,  
If love and hope depart,  
Naught can dispel the weariness  
That fills the aching heart.

Oh, that a Power divine  
Would dark despair remove  
From the toiler's breast, and in its stead,  
Plant hope and faith and love.  
—Selected.

combinations are made because men fear men rather than God, and trust in men for help rather than in God. He who provides the bounties of nature, who gives to all life and breath and all things, should be respected and trusted. To all, his exhortation and promise is, "Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." Ps. 37: 3. Therefore He says, "Sanctify the Lord of hosts Himself; and let him be your fear, and let him be your dread."

In Habakkuk, first and second chapters, we have a description of this very

time, when violence and strife, grievances, and contentions, injustice and oppression, are going on in the world. In astonishment the question is asked, How can the Lord, who is of purer eyes than to behold evil, look upon such scenes and not do something? How can he keep silence while there are such treacherous dealings, and the wicked is devouring the man that is more righteous than he. Then the prophet is told to write the vision, and make it plain that he may run that readeth it; that it is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak, and not lie.

"Though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry. Behold, his soul which is lifted up is not upright in him; but the just shall live by his faith." In Heb. 10: 36-38, this scripture is applied to the coming of the Lord, in these words: "For ye have need of patience, that after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise. For yet a little while, and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry. Now the just shall live by his faith; but if a man draw back, My soul shall have no pleasure in him." From this, therefore, we know the application, that reference is made to the last days.

The prophet then proceeds to describe those men, who enlarge their desire as the grave—one of the things that never says, "I have enough"—and who are as death, that is, will never let go that which they have gained, and cannot be satisfied. He also describes those who are oppressed and robbed by these, and says: "Shall not all these take up a parable against him, and a taunting proverb against him, and say, Woe to him that increaseth that which is not his! . . . Shall they not rise up suddenly that shall bite thee ["exact usury of thee," margin], and awake that shall vex thee, and thou shalt be for booty unto them?" Hab. 2: 6, 7, A. R. V.

Here again is a description of the very things that are going on in the world today. There is a cry against the rich that there shall be a more equal distribution of the good things of this world. Already the cry has been raised, How long shall this continue? Already threats have been made, not secretly, but openly and loudly, that the wealth that is so abundant and that is hoarded shall be made booty for those who have not. Booty is that which is taken away by violence. And this rising up against the rich is what is coming. This is the meaning, and this will be the final out-



come of the more than twenty-five thousand labour strikes that have occurred throughout the world the past twenty years.

The day of retribution and retaliation is nearing. The scripture we are citing continues: "Because thou hast spoiled many nations, all the remnant of the people shall spoil thee; because of men's blood, and for the violence of the land, of the city, and of all that dwell therein." And all this and more is implied in the opening words of the first scripture explained: "Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you." James 5: 1. There is a woeful day before those, who, by their insatiable greed and covetousness are rapidly bringing the world to a state of violence, anarchy, and ruin. Men of wealth, already begin to realize this. A prominent capitalist in a great city, when asked why he did not build himself a stately mansion, like those owned by other rich men, replied that he did not wish his home to be so conspicuous or so easily found "when the hungry fellows break loose."

History teaches that the concentration of wealth in the hand of a few has invariably been the signal for the downfall of nations. When Egypt went down, two per cent of her population owned ninety-seven per cent. of her wealth. The people were starving. When Persia went down, one per cent. of her population owned all the land. When Babylon went down, two per cent. of her population owned all the wealth. When Rome went down, eighteen hundred men owned all the known world. When France came to her crisis, her population was divided into an aristocracy of wealth and birth on one hand, and millions of half-clad, half-fed, impoverished toilers on the other. The result was the bloodiest revolution in the annals of time. And all these are but types and prophecies of what is before the whole world, divided as it is into two classes,—the superfluously rich and the hopelessly poor.

—Sel.

God has called us "unto the fellowship of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord." It is therefore our privilege to live in constant fellowship with our risen Lord. Although at the right hand of the Father, he does not forget those for whom he gave his life, and he longs to draw us into the closest communion with himself. In the hour of sorrow he will comfort us; in the hour of trial he will strengthen us; in the hour of conflict he will give us the victory. Let nothing rob us of the fellowship of Jesus.

—Sel.

Don't wait for great things; while you wait the door to the little ones may close.—*Galax Leaf.*



## The Best Name



In reading we frequently meet with names, some of which are very suggestive, and others that do not convey any significance but are repulsive nomenclatures. Parents should be careful about the names they give children. Why should the names of a wicked historic character be given to a child? Misfortune has deluged the path of many owing to the influence of a bad name.

Some names bring sweet reminiscences, while others horrid ones. But there is a name I intend to speak briefly of, which has thrilled the heart of many, has lifted the sorrowing out of the depth of grief and despondency, to the delectable mountain tops. This is a solace to the Pilgrim travelling through this wilderness of woe. Paul, from a heart surcharged with admiration for this name, declared "it a name which is above every name". This name is Jesus. How simple it is, yet how beautiful. It is brief.

Only five letters, but pregnant with meaning. The child remembers it, and at his bedside kneels and exclaims:—

"Gentle Jesus meek and mild,  
Look upon a little child."

It is a magnetic name. Great attraction is concentrated in it. Let us review some of the characteristics contained in this wonderful appellation.

Firstly, it is the name of love. History speaks of great heroes who have been victorious in battle and possessed great renown in this world, but when we examine their lives carefully, we find love is absent. The name of Alexander reminds us of great conquests. The name of Herod, of cruelty. The name of Jesus of love. Those who have tasted the fulness of its love realise what it means. He who was rich stooped to be born in a manger, and to endure the terrible sufferings of the cross. See him weary, persecuted, maltreated, as he expires on the cross, amidst the rending of the rocks, and the darkening of the sun. See him with the blood streaming from his lacerated temples. See him in dreadful agony praying "Father forgive them, they know not what they do." Oh, this name of love! It melts the heart to tears. Reader what think ye of it, is there no love in your heart for Jesus? Love brought him from heaven to die. Love led him to make the sacrifice. Boundless love! Amazing love! Infinite love! Everlasting love!

The love that Jesus had for me,  
To suffer on the cruel tree,  
That I a ransomed soul might be,  
Is more than tongue can tell!"

Secondly it is a name of power. The

angel announced to Joseph, "Thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he shall save his people from their sins." There is power in this name. Reflect for a moment on the great good achieved in the world by this blessed name. Sin and Satan flee from it. The troubled in heart receive strength from it.

"It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest."

The names of Nelson and Wellington are mighty in the military world, Rothschild, Rockefeller, and Carnegie in the monetary world, but there is no name so powerful in the world as that of Jesus.

This mighty name makes a reformation in the lives of individuals. The sinner who has long been a captive to the Arch-deceiver is made free by it.

It breaks down mountains of intemperance and superstition, and transforms the victim of such wicked vices. That name brings salvation. Well did Peter on that memorable day before the rulers stand with holy boldness and exclaim:—

"There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." Yes, this must go to earth's remotest bounds, so that sons and daughters may be gathered out for His Glorious Appearing. In heathen countries where once this name was never heard, today there are many young and old ones who love the blessed name of Jesus. They have found power in it to keep from falling. They have realised it to be more precious than the name of their heathen idol. In the name of Jesus the sick and suffering received strength. Peter said to the lame man at the gate of the temple, "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee; in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk; and Peter took him by the hand, and the lame man immediately received strength and went into the temple praising God." Much more could be said of the power in the name of Jesus, but we must pass on.

Thirdly, it is the name of self-sacrifice. This is a quality that is worthy of appreciation in any individual. What is self-sacrifice? It is my forsaking happiness to make others happy. It is my performing an arduous task to prevent its devolving on another. How great was the sacrifice of Jesus. He who dwelt in bliss condescended to wrap himself in humanity to rescue a shipwrecked world. He divested himself of all comforts for our good. All the power of Satan could not put Christ to



death on the cross, but he willingly gave himself to be tortured and to die. How much self-sacrifice have we? Are we willing to give up the idols dear to our hearts for Christ? "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus: who, being in the form of God thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but made himself of no reputation and took on him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: and being formed in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross."

Many are too engrossed with selfishness to give any time to the service of the Lord. They satisfy self first and the cause of Christ last. Many excuses are made when responsibilities are laid upon them in the work of the Lord; but Christ gave up all the comforts of life to die for us. Let us ask God for more of the spirit of self-sacrifice. Oh, this name of self-sacrifice, let us keep it ever before us in all we do.

Lastly the name of Jesus is enduring. Where are all the mighty men of earth who once held great power? They have passed off this stage of action and their names are seldom repeated. But the name of Jesus must endure. "Wherefore God hath highly exalted him and given him a name which is above every name." This name never loses any of its sweetness. Hundreds of years ago, it was heard on the lips of people, and it is still being called to-day. The gods that the heathen once adored have perished from their memory, and the precious name of Jesus is enshrined there. This wonderful and Omnipotent name will ever be heard on the lips of mortals. Artists will continue to perpetuate it in their beautiful works of art. Prolific writers will perpetuate it in immense volumes. Parents will perpetuate it in the home. The Christian will perpetuate it in his testimony and life. This name will never be destroyed. Take up the Bible and there this blessed name will confront you. The names of earth's mighty monarchs have perished, but the name of Jesus the Nazarene still endures. The names of great infidels have been forgotten, but the blessed name held in contempt and ridicule by them, still lives.

This name will endure forever and will ever be dear to the faithful in Jesus. At last when He appears in resplendent royal majesty, attended by an army of angels, then they shall realise more of the beauties in the Precious Name; for His people shall dwell with Him forever.

"Precious name, precious name  
Hope of earth and joy of heaven."  
T. L. M. SPENCER.

"We cannot always be a hero but we can be a man."

### Moses Wrote of Me

So many people talk of this man as though he wrote of himself. Jesus says: "He wrote of Me." Jno. 5: 46. And our faith in Christ depends measurably on our acceptance of Moses' writings. "If ye believe not his writing, how shall ye believe my words," asks Jesus. Jno. 5: 47.

The case made out in Jewish days stood thus: Moses versus Jesus. To-day it reverses: Jesus versus Moses. Thus they have made an *arraignment* between two that are at perfect *arrangement* with each other.

There is no difference whether we make Moses contradict Jesus or Jesus contradict Moses. It is an absurdity. It is self-contradiction, "for he wrote of Me."

The Jews gloried in this fact—fact did I say? Rather fancy—they revelled in the fancy that they were Moses' disciples, and reviled Moses as Jesus' disciple. Jno. 9: 28,29. There are some to-day who revile others saying: You are Moses' disciples, but we are Jesus' disciples. Do you see the dodge, the unscriptural shuffling? "But if ye believe not his writings, how shall ye believe my words?—For he wrote of Me." Jno. 5: 46,47. So those who say they believe in Christ, but revile Moses ought to be told, if they had really believed in Christ, they would have believed Moses, for Christ confirmed his testimony.

"If there be a prophet among you, I the Lord, will make myself known unto him in a vision, and will speak unto him in a dream. My servant Moses is not so, who is faithful in all mine house. With him will I speak mouth to mouth, even apparently, and not in dark speeches." Num. 12: 6-8.

Peter testifies: "For Moses truly said unto the fathers, a prophet shall the Lord your God raise up unto you of your brethren, like unto me; Him shall ye hear in all things whatsoever he shall say unto you." Acts 3: 22.

Paul couples Moses with the Messiah as a faithful servant to his Master concerning things to be afterwards spoken. We know a faithful servant carries out the master's order with that master's endorsement and authority. "Wherefore holy brethren, partakers of the heavenly calling, consider the Apostle and High Priest of our profession, Christ Jesus; who was faithful to Him that appointed him, as also Moses was faithful in all his house, . . . . And Moses verily was faithful in all his house, as a servant for a testimony of those things which were to be spoken *After*," Heb. 3: 1-6.

There are men who spurn the Old Testament. We have nothing more to do with it, they say. Do they know the understanding of the New Testament depends on their knowledge of the Old? Can they build New Testament

upper structure without Old Testament foundation?

As it was in the days of Noah, as it was in the days of Lot, *So* also when the Son of man comes. New Testament *So* is the transcript of Old Testament *As*. They are co relatives. We know the one only as we learn the other. Take your reference Bible, and notice the parallelism of Old and New Testament Scriptures. The Old Testament are the letters CHRIST of which the New Testament is the word Christ. The Old Testament is the *Problem*, the New Testament is the *ANSWER* worked out.

And as to you who say, you have nothing to do with Moses—your theme is Resurrection; permit me to say, you start wrong, unless you begin at Moses: "And He (Christ) said unto them, these are the words which I spake unto you, while I was yet with you, that all things must be fulfilled which were written in the law of *Moses* and in the prophets, and in the psalms, concerning Me. Then opened He their understanding, that they might understand the Scriptures, and said unto them, Thus it is written, and thus it behoved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day." Luke 24: 44-46.

O Lord, open thou understandings again, that men may know Moses wrote of Thee who art the Resurrection, and the Way in harmony therewith. Open eyes that they may see wondrous things out of thy law. Resurrection avails them nothing who do not hear Moses and the prophets. Luke 16: 31.

But notice: He opens the understanding of only those who are His disciples. The rest were left in their blindness. Their pretended love for Moses, John 7: 19, was only an excuse to avoid the plain teachings of Christ, that exposed their pretensions, humbling their pride and prestige, and showing them duty which they knew should be done. They thought more of the Church, of the opinion of Caiaphas, Annas and each other, than they did of Christ. "How can ye believe which receive honour one of another and seek not the honour that cometh from God only?" Christ asked. John 5: 44. With that, read John 12: 42,43, and you have the honest reason of many who would avoid Moses.

Read Acts 26: 22,23. Ah! Gentile, Moses mentioned you.

"Remember ye the law of Moses My servant which I commanded unto him in Horeb for *All* Israel, with the statutes and judgments (Mal. 4: 4;)—in view of the great and dreadful day of the Lord."

PHILIP GIDDINGS.

"The right to rest is not more sacred than the right to work. The right to work is fundamental in individual welfare."



## EDITORIAL

GEO. F. ENOCH ... .. Editor  
S. A. WELLMAN ... .. Associate Editor.  
Editorial Contributors.  
W. G. KNEELAND. J. A. STRICKLAND.

### Our House in Heaven

A study in 2 Cor. 5.

"For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. For in this we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven: If so be that being clothed we shall not be found naked. For we that are in *this* tabernacle do groan, being burdened: not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life. Now he that hath wrought us for the selfsame thing is God, who also hath given unto us the earnest of the Spirit. Therefore *we are* always confident, knowing that whilst we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord: (For we walk by faith, not by sight.) We are confident *I say*, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord. Wherefore we labour, that, whether present or absent, we may be accepted of him. For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in this body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad. Knowing therefore the terror of the Lord, we persuade men." 2 Cor. 5: 1-11.

We frequently hear this scripture quoted to prove that the soul may be disembodied, and that at death it passes from this body, the earthly house, to its house in Heaven. A little thought will at once show the fallacy of this position. If such be this scripture's teaching, then the good old doctrine of the Resurrection of the body is rendered null and void. If the soul *at death* passes into the body or House from heaven, then at the Second Advent of our Saviour when the old body is raised in power, incorruptible, that soul will have two houses, the one that it entered at the death of the individual, and the other it receives at the resurrection. But one soul cannot occupy two bodies. Such a dilemma comes from a misinterpretation of the text before us.

Three states are brought to view in our text. First, this tabernacle or our present mortal state. Second, the unclothed state. Third, clothed upon with the house from heaven.

We pass from the first state to the second at death, but we pass from the second or unclothed state, to the third or clothed upon state at the time when mortality is swallowed up of life. Verse 4.

#### Mortality swallowed up of life

But when does this take place? The same writer in a previous letter to the same church says, "Behold I show you a mystery, We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye *at the last trump*: for the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised incorruptible and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, *then* shall be brought to pass the saying that is written "Death is swallowed up in victory." 1 Cor. 15: 51-54.

Mortality is swallowed up of life, Death is swallowed up in victory at the sounding of the last trump, in the resurrection morning, not at the time of the death of the individual.

Therefore the second or unclothed state extends from death till the resurrection.

#### We Groan being burdened

Faul states clearly that we groan, not to be

unclothed, that is to be in the condition that follows death, (the second state) but for the third state, or hastening of the time, when mortal is changed to immortality in the Resurrection Morning.

The second state is therefore an undesirable one. Even more undesirable than the first in this mortal flesh. But with all anxiety we "groan" for that most blessed of all, the happy immortal state which stretches on into the eternity which follows the resurrection.

#### "Absent from the Body

The expression "absent from the body and present with the Lord," is also a perplexity to many. Yet its meaning is clear. If mortal man should be taken into the presence of God, he would be consumed. "Our God is a consuming fire." For us in our mortal condition God has veiled his divinity. When Jesus came, a body was prepared. If we should in these bodies be present with the Lord, we would be all consumed. Therefore our continuation in mortality means absent from the Lord for us.

But praise the dear Saviour's Name, provision has been made by which this enforced exile can be brought to an end. When we can be absent from this body with its many ills, we will be present with our Lord in our glorified immortal bodies, given us in the Resurrection morning.

Who does not long for that time? Absent from this mortal body means absent from its sin, its pain and sickness, its toil and weariness, its disease and death. Present with the Lord means mortal changed to immortality, corruption to incorruption, this vile body changed into the likeness of his glorious body and the soul ransomed from death, enjoying the bliss of eternity.

Truly it is only by faith that we can have our daily walk such as to enjoy the pleasure of being present with the Lord. If we walk by sight we will walk in harmony with this world, with its business, its pleasure, its hopes, its joys. Then we will never be present with the Lord, but we will be destroyed with our mortal bodies in the lake of fire.

Let us all the rather walk by faith that we may "be accepted of him," even though this walk put us out of joint with the world. Then we will not fear to stand before the judgment seat of Christ in that great day.

An interesting rendering of verse ten may be obtained by dropping the words in italics. All italicized words in the King James Version are words not found in the original.

"For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, that everyone may receive the things in body, according to that he hath done, whether good or bad."

E.

#### Growing into the Light

The man was searching for light. Praying for the rays of enlightenment which would open the pathway more clearly. Grasping for a more complete understanding of the things of God, he had left the precincts of the home for a little time, and desirous of a quiet hour away from human society, in which to commune with his Maker, he was passing to the great barn of the old estate. In entering the building, his attention was arrested by the top of a growing potato plant which came out from under the cellar door. This unusual sight led him to seek further, and entering the room from which it came, he discovered six feet from the door some potatoes, from which the plant sprouts had sprung, growing as plants do until they were out into the light. They had grown from the tiny sprouts, over six feet of flooring to the small crack under the door, and there found the blessed sunlight they were seeking.

The lesson, the understanding of this parable of nature, leaped like a new vision into the soul of the man. It awakened the determination in him to seek for the light. It led him

to see as never before the need of constant searching, of unremitting endeavour, day-by-day in his struggle upward. And it gave him new courage, for as the plant had found that which it sought, so might he also find the light of God's presence and God's blessing, if he were desirous of it and would search for it.

So to-day many a soul may learn the lesson from nature. When away from the light; when circumstances, environments, and the hampering conditions of our every-day experience seem to hold us there, we should grow, grow, grow. Let each day's endeavour be a reaching toward the light of life, toward heaven and its treasures; and like the sprout that grows in its weakness till it reaches the goal of its endeavour, light, we shall reach our goal—and dwell in the light of the Sun of Righteousness.

When the plant reached the light it became healthy in colour, the natural shade of its kind, a strong plant. So the man who reaches after Christ, the Light of Life, will in His presence find that health and vigour which betokens a life in the sunlight.

Are you seeking for light? Its rays are the brightness of the grand old Book, the Bible. That Book mirrors the image of Divinity. It is the revelation of the Light of Life. Within its pages the sunlight of God's presence dwells. Do you desire it? Is your heart filled with a longing for better things? Light—life and the way thereto, the Good Book tells you of them. "Seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you."

W.

#### The Decay of Manhood

Among the difficulties of the modern civilized state, perhaps nothing so tends toward its decadence, as the bad habits of the men of today. Everywhere that civilization has reached, it has carried along with its blessings, soul and man destroying habits, the devil's concoctions for the overthrow of the manhood of the race.

These evils, adopted along with civilization, fostered by the "more enlightened" races, are insidiously creeping into every home, in all classes of society, penetrating with their stultifying influence into the very souls of the men of all nations. How far their influence has now gone, and the millions that are enslaved thereby are known only to the God of Heaven, who is able to number the stars and the sea-shore sands.

These evils of which we speak, are the liquor traffic, tobacco, opium, morphine, the so called "patent medicines," and a multitude of lesser evils. Every true Christian, in strict accord with the Bible instruction of holy living, has ever been opposed to them and their nefarious work. To the man with a desire to serve as a disciple of the meek and lowly Jesus, they have ever been the sign boards of the evil one. They were seen to lead away from God, to carelessness in the Christian walk, and uncleanness of body, soul and mind.

But it is beginning to dawn upon men's minds, that their influence is so degrading to the human family, as to be a hindrance to mental, moral and muscular labour of any kind. Men of influence in the business, political, religious, social and educational worlds are realizing at last that it is impossible for men who drink, smoke, etc., to do good brain or muscular work. That these habits are breaking down the race, and that the man who indulges in them is unfit for active service.

In a very recent number of *Success*, a popular magazine of America, the editor, a leading authority in the world of men, states concerning one of the worst of these evils, the cigarette;—

"I leave it to others to discuss the moral side of cigarette smoking. I denounce it simply because of its blighting, blasting effect upon one's success in life; because it draws off the energy, saps the vitality, and forces that which ought to

(continued on page 12)



# Health and Temperance

## No Place for Boys

What can a boy do, and where can a boy stay,  
If he is always told to get out of the way?  
He can not sit here, and he must not  
stand there.

The cushions that cover that fine rocking-  
chair  
Were put there, of course, to be seen and  
admired;

And a boy has no business to ever be tired.  
The beautiful roses and flowers that bloom  
On the floor of the darkened and delicate room  
Are not made to walk on, at least not for boys;  
The house is no place, anyway, for their noise.

Yet boys must walk somewhere, and what if  
their feet,

Sent out of our house, sent into the street,  
Should step round the corner and pause at the  
door,

Where other boys' feet have paused often  
before,

Should pass through the gateway of glittering  
light,

Where jokes that are merry, and songs that  
are bright,

Ring out a warm welcome with flattering  
voice,

And temptingly say, "Here's a place for the  
boys?"

Ah! what if they should? What if your boy  
or mine

Should cross o'er the threshold that marks out  
the line

'Twixt virtue and vice, 'twixt pureness and  
sin,

And leave all his innocent boyhood within?  
O, what if they should, because you and I,

While the days and the months and the years  
hurry by;

Are too busy with cares and with life's fleeting  
joys

To make round our hearthstones a place for  
the boys?

There is a place for the boys. They will find it  
somewhere:

And if our own homes are too daintily fair  
For the touch of their fingers, the tread of  
their feet,

They'll find it, and find it, alas! in the street,  
'Mid the gildings of sin and the glitter of vice;

And with heartaches and longings we pay a  
dear price,

For the getting of gain that our lifetime  
employs,

If we fail in providing a place for the boys.

A place for the boys—dear mothers I pray,  
As cares settle down round our short earthly  
way,

Don't let us forget, by our kind, loving deeds,  
To show we remember their pleasures and needs

Though our souls may be vexed with the  
problems of life,

And worn with besements and toiling and  
strife.

Our hearts will keep younger—your tired  
heart and mine—

If we give them a place in their innermost  
shrine;

And to life's latest hour 'twill be one of our joys  
That we keep a small corner, a place for  
the boys.

—Selected.

Orderly living is the most positive law  
and foundation of a long and healthy  
life. We may say it is the true and only  
medicine.—*Carnaro.*

## Open Air and Night Air

The most interesting phase of present-day medicine is the open air treatment of respiratory diseases. From a state of mind which confined all patients suffering from diseases of the lungs to close rooms, thoroughly protected from all changes of temperature, there has come a development of medical opinion that insists on the greatest possible amount of fresh air, consistent with the absence of drafts and of positive discomfort of high degree to the patient. The results obtained fully justify the practically universal medical agreement in the matter, and the death-rate from consumption has been more materially reduced thereby than by any other form of treatment ever suggested.

It is not alone in tuberculosis, but also in other respiratory diseases, that the open air, under what would be usually considered discouraging circumstances, has been found eminently beneficial. In pneumonia, which has of late come to be the worse scourge of life in large cities, it is especially salutary. One distinguished American physician has declared on several occasions, that if he were a sufferer from pneumonia, he would prefer to have his bed placed under a tree in the park, even in the depth of winter, than in the best appointed hospital in the city. Once during the Civil War a snow-storm delayed the transportation of patients and tents, and a number of pneumonia cases were treated in the open field, covered only by army blankets. The mortality of that special epidemic—for nothing is clearer now than that pneumonia is sometimes mildly epidemic—was the lowest of any set of pneumonia cases that occurred during the war.

If in these serious illnesses fresh air is of so much benefit, when as a consequence of the lowered state of vitality the healthy reaction, especially to cold fresh air, might sometimes be missed, it is easy to understand that the same medium is of great importance for the preservation of health. This principle is becoming ever clearer in the minds of sanitarians. The old feeling of aversion to night air, especially because it is supposed to carry all sorts of miasmas with it, is now recognized as absolutely without any good foundation. As has been well said, the only fresh air at night is the night air. Instead of being more dangerous than day air, it is actually more salubrious. Night air, in large cities particularly, does not contain as a rule so many dust particles as day air, because there is not so much

traffic, with movement of truck, carriage, and trolley, to disturb the dust. It is the dust particles to which microbes cling that make air dangerous.

The old prejudice with regard to night air was not without an apparently good foundation. Malarial diseases were acquired much more readily at night than during the day. It was almost inevitably fatal for a foreigner to be out on the Roman Campagna at night, though he might visit it with comparative impunity during the day. We now know by absolute demonstration that this was because the malaria-carrying mosquito did its stinging during the night, but especially just after sundown, and this was the time that was considered most dangerous. Properly protected against mosquitoes, however, one who has never had malaria may venture on the Roman Campagna without any danger, and Englishmen have lived there night and day, making the demonstration. As for malaria, so for yellow fever, and it must not be forgotten that so late as but little more than half a century ago yellow fever ravaged the Northern as well as the Southern cities. The disease is mosquito borne, and night is the dangerous time. No wonder our grandfathers, and especially our observant grandmothers, dreaded the night air, and transmitted the tradition of its balefulness.

Now this is a thing of the past. If fresh air is good for the ill, it is quite as good, or even better, for the well. The increased incidents of disease in large cities is exactly proportional to the lack of fresh air. Cities are healthiest where population is thinnest, and where the greatest attention is paid to ventilation. There are well-grounded opinions, that the recent increase of pneumonia in all our large cities is due to a great extent, to the almost hermetical sealing of our houses in the winter time, and to the dryness of artificially heated air, which keeps the lungs in a constant state of irritation, thus rendering them susceptible to infection. For children this is especially true. The lowered resistive vitality of children in asylums and other charitable institutions is largely a matter of restriction of that living in the open air which is so natural and necessary for children.

Undoubtedly all the world and its relatives would be benefited in health by a leaf from the book of the modern open air treatment of consumption. The healthy occupations are those which keep people outside most of the  
(Continued on page 3 Cover.)



# Our Young Folk

## The Way to London Town

"One foot up and another foot down,  
That's the way to London Town."  
—*Old Nursery Rhymes.*

It was only a nursery song,  
But it cheered my heart one day  
When the task seemed hard, and the  
journey long,  
And the goal was far away;  
For just like the darling toddler small  
Who is learning to walk alone,  
One step at a time, and that is all  
We need for the way unknown.

Then leave to the morrow the morrow's share  
In the task you have to do,  
Content if to day you can bravely bear  
Its burden with courage true;  
With anxious haste you strive in vain,  
On life's road your feet will tire,  
But patience and pluck will surely gain  
The prize of the heart's desire.

So whatever your London Town may be,  
Toil on with purpose high,  
And step by step, as the way you see,  
You will reach it by and by.  
For one foot up and the other foot down,  
With a heart that's true and bold,  
Is still the way to our London Town,  
As in nursery days of old.  
—*Mary Farrah, in Good Words.*

## Judging By Appearances

Nate bounded down the garret stairs three steps at a time, and burst into the sitting-room.

"O mother, why couldn't my nuts stay there by the chimney where they'd dry? Where are they? Can't I put them back now that you're done cleaning the garret?"

Mrs. Hathaway looked up smiling.

"I didn't touch them, Nate. I respected your prejudices in favour of that particular spot for nut-drying. But Mary did the most of the work."

Off Nate rushed to his sister's room.

"Come in, you young volcano!" cried a merry voice.

"O May, what did you do with my nuts?"

"Why, there weren't any there; and I wondered then what you did with them."

"Wonder! I should say wonder! And nuts are so scarce this year. It may be one of Jim Judkin's tricks!"

But when Jim the hired man, was interviewed, he honestly disclaimed all knowledge of the nuts. And as he was a truthful young fellow that explanation was given up.

"Has anyone else been up there within a week?"

"No—or, yes! Vinton Gregory came to get those school books you promised to lend him. I was tired, so I

told him where they were, and let him go right up."

"Oh, May, was it last Thursday?"

May counted upon her fingers: "Monday washed, Tuesday ironed, Wednesday cooked, Thursday mended—yes, 'twas Thursday. I was in the sewing-room when he came, and"—

"And he had a bag—a meal bag—'bout a third full of something?"

"Why—yes he did."

"Did he have it when he came in?"

"No-o," said May, reluctantly, "but I saw him going down the road with it over his shoulder. Oh Nate, you don't suppose"—

"Course I don't suppose: I *know*! I saw him too, and he couldn't stop to talk. There's a lot of empty sacks up there, you know. Think of that! When we've taken him into our club, and treated him just as though he wasn't old Jake Gregory's son! I'll settle with him!" and he rushed from the house.

At the Gregory's rickety front gate he met Vinton.

"Coming to steal more nuts, eh?" was his salutation.

The boy's bright face became blank. He looked at Nate in silence.

"Nothing to say? Well I s'pose we needn't be surprised at anything a Gregory does, only—I didn't think you were that sort, that is all."

"I'm not!" exploded Vinton. "I never saw your nuts. Or, yes—I saw them the day I came for the books, and"—

"And nobody's seen them since! Shame on you! To steal a bag, and then fill it with stolen nuts! I saw you making off with them over your shoulder!"

"That was a bag of potatoes I bought down at Mr. Dean's. I left them at the gate when I"—

"Oh, don't try to pull the wool over my eyes! You make it all the worse. You won't have to come to the field tomorrow. The club won't need you. Dan Miller'll take his old place. He's not much of a player, but he's no thief!"

And Nate rushed off before Vinton could say another word in self-defence. Perhaps he had nothing more to say. He walked slowly back into the house. Next day he did not come to the field. At school he was "boycotted," as only indignant boys can boycott. Mrs. Hathaway and Mary tried vainly to unravel the mystery.

The following week Nate went nut-

ting again, and returned with a small basketful.

"There! I think my nuts will stay where they're put now," he muttered, as he poured them down by the chimney.

The next day Nate took his book and went out to the barn. The big door was wide open, and he sat down upon a pile of corn-fodder in the warm sunlight that flooded the place. Presently a shrill "chirr!" made him look up. There on the back garret window-sill, which was shaded by the huge boughs of a lofty elm, perched two saucy squirrels, their mouths full of nuts. Then they hopped from the sill to a neighbouring limb, scampered down the trunk and away to the grove. Back they came and repeated the operation. Nate watched them, while a light broke on him that made him feel smaller than he had ever felt in his life. He went into the house and up to the garret. Evidently the saucy pair had been busy. Only a few nuts remained scattered here and there on the floor.

He rushed out of the house and away "across lots" to the Gregory place. Vinton came to the door, but drew back, pale and dignified, when he saw the head "boycotter." "Vint, old fellow, can you forgive me? It's all cleared up," he cried.

Vinton had borne the "boycotting" bravely. Now the tears came as he listened to Nate's broken explanation.

"Mother said all the time she believed you were innocent. Can you ever be my friend again? Will you forgive me?"

"I knew 'twould come out all right," cried Vinton, wringing Nate's hand. "But of course appearances were against me!"

"Catch me 'judging by appearances' again!" said Nate.—*Zion's Herald.*

## About Beds

Beds were unknown among the ancients, who slept on the floor or on a divan covered with skins. It was in the Middle Ages that beds first became common, being made of rushes, leather, or straw. It is supposed that featherbeds were known by the Romans, since men are reviled by one of the Latin poets for their luxury in sleeping upon "feathers." Heliogabalus, the most effeminate of the Roman emperors, possessed an air-cushion and an air mattress as early as A. D. 210. In England the better classes began to use featherbeds for the first time in the reign of Henry VIII. and in certain districts of Holland and Germany bedsteads are still fitted as they were then, with two feather-beds; upon one the sleeper lies, the other being used for covering. The Russian peasant places his bed on the top of the oven for the sake of the warmth given out by the fire.

—*Sel.*





### In "The Old Armchair"

Sleep peacefully, my mother; cares have  
flown,

And transient troubles gone;  
Heed no alarms, nor hear the night-  
winds moan;  
I'll watch, sleep sweetly on.

Could I but lift that burden life of thine,  
Much lighter mine would be;  
Could I escape with all thy care on mine,  
Much fleetier could I flee.

And yet those rugged hands with weary arms,  
Await thy waking dreams,  
To soothe the some fevered brow and bear it ails,  
And heal two sorrow's streams.

Full many a recompense to thee has come  
For loss of lily hands,  
And tripping feet and glittering glee and fun,  
As passing pleasure strand;  
For love alone is worth the strain of years,  
As love alone survives.

And thou hast gained, through tempest and  
through tears,  
Jehovah's greatest prize.  
Who loses love has lost his life, and found  
The mummy of a man,  
That wanders through the world a vagabond,  
On Sheol's border-land.

Sleep then in peace, the strength thy rest  
will give  
Will in its turn be given,  
To gain God's greater love with which to live,  
And gild both earth and heaven.  
—Frank Barrett, in the *American Friend*.

### The Girl In The Car.

One hot day in July I was travelling through a mountainous district of Pennsylvania. The car was crowded, and the passengers were beginning to feel tired and cross, and were looking forward impatiently to their journey's end.

Two stout, red-faced gentlemen gave uneasy and irritated glances over their magazine leaves toward a poor little woman who had a restless, fretful baby in her arms, vainly trying to keep it quiet. Some young women in the rear said something about crying babies on trains to annoy others. The rest were stolidly indifferent or contemptuously silent.

Just then our train swept into the station at E.—and as it pulled up, out of the midst of a merry group of friends who had evidently come to wish her a prosperous journey, a bright-faced girl got on the train. There were two seats vacant, but without a moment's hesitation the young girl came and sat by the poor woman with the troublesome baby.

It was wonderful how the advent of

this girl changed in a moment the whole atmosphere of the car. Her happy face was like a ray of sunshine, as she gave a bright glance round, and then turned and held out her hands to the baby. For a moment its round, wondering eyes looked questioningly into the new face, then, with a radiant smile, it reached out its little arms to her in perfect confidence. She took it from its bewildered mother, and gathered it with a happy, little laugh into her arms.

All through the next two hours ride, while the dust flew and the heat was stifling, little Miss Cheerful, as I mentally named her, and the baby had a good time. It was astonishing how interesting that "cross" baby had become, and what attractions it developed under its nurse's skilful handling. Even the grim conductor, who had eyed the forlorn mother and restless child sourly, now looked benevolently on the merry group.

The poor wearied little mother laid her worn face back on the cushion and was soon fast asleep, confident that her little one was in good hands. When at her journey's end she woke with a rested, happy look, she said to the kind young friend, you don't know how much good your kindness has done me. I have been travelling three days, and had no sleep for two nights. God bless you, dear!" And she passed out into the crowd with a smiling face, while her baby waved its tiny hand to the dear young girl.

We all felt ashamed of ourselves, and had a lesson in unselfishness which will not soon be forgotten by at least one of those who were travelling that sultry day.

I learned afterward that our bright fellow-traveller was the daughter of one of Pennsylvania's richest coal kings, whose home of wealth had not made her selfish, nor made her look down upon those whose lot was hard and uninteresting. Besides, I learned, too, that she is a follower of Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto me."—*The Classmate*.

### Life's Sunset

Old age creeps on unawares. It comes as come the autumn days. We find they are upon us because the boughs of the tree are growing thin.

The Christian grows old peacefully, calmly. In growing old, he becomes more noble, more tender. Because of his comforting hope in God, his life is still sweet and sunny, full of song-birds and joy. Growing old with him is growing ripe. Fruits in autumn ripen beautifully. They grow ruddy with sunshine and dew, and then drop into the basket of the fruit-gatherer. As fruits in autumn ripen, so does the Christian grow old. As his eyes grow dim to earthly sights, he sees in clearer vision the things that are to come.

How inspiring are God's promises to old age! "They shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing; to show that the Lord is upright: he is my rock, and there is no unrighteousness in him." "Even to your old age I am he; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you." "And thine age shall be clearer than the noonday; thou shalt shine forth, thou shalt be as the morning." "Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season."

What pictures of old age do we have in the Bible! They show how the eventide of life may overflow with light. There is aged Jacob. He breathes the serenity of God. He is filled with the joy of God. There is a dignity about the old patriarch like that of the mountain pine, that, standing upon its watch-tower, o'erlooks the years as they come and go. Heaven seems to him nearer and dearer as this life fades away into a dream; for he realizes now that this life is as a dream, and that the immortal life is the sublime reality. There is Simeon. So many are his years, that he totters as he walks into the temple. There is about his old age a richness as of the autumn forests. Clothed he is, with a sanctity like that of some hoary cathedral. In the triumphs of his splendid faith, he says: "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, . . . for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." There in his mellow and sweet-tempered age, is John, the beloved disciple. Beautiful as the sunset is his old age. As he receives the Apocalypse, he looks right into the glories of the New Jerusalem. He takes the splendours of the heavenly world as they flash before the dazzled vision of his seership, and writes them down in a book that will ever move and thrill and comfort the Christian world. With John, growing old is victory, exultation, a song of triumph, a harvest-home.

Old age should be sweet and fair and serene—as quiet a process as the sunset. The ideal death is that which comes to old age.—*Northwestern Christian Advocate*.

It is a true saying that "Our generosity is measured not by what we give, but by what we have left."





# Missions



## The Last Hour

"Little children it is the last hour."  
John 2: 18, R. V.

The sunset burns across the sky;  
Upon the air a warning cry.  
The curfew toll, from tower to tower;  
O children, 'tis the last, last hour.

The work that centuries might have done  
Must crowd the hour of setting sun,  
And through all lands the saving Name  
Ye must in fervent haste proclaim.

Ere yet the vintage shout begin,  
O laborers, press in! press in!  
And fill unto its utmost coasts  
The vineyard of the Lord of hosts.

It is a vineyard of red wine,  
Wherein shall purple clusters shine;  
The branches of his own right hand  
Shall overspread Immanuel's land.

The fields are white to harvest. Weep,  
O tardy workers! as ye reap,  
For wasted hours that might have won  
Rich harvests ere the set of sun.

We hear his footstep on the way!  
O work while it is called to day,  
Constrained by love, endued with power,  
O children, in this last, last hour.

—Clara Thwaites.

## One of the Outposts

It is a privilege indeed to look in at the outposts on the line of our missionary advance. The jets of light are being kindled here, there, and all about amid the darkness that covers the earth. One may find but a slender band in these outstations, or it may be but a solitary pioneer, but, depend upon it, there is always courage there, and confidence, and the face is resolutely toward the regions still beyond. In this spirit the missionaries are carrying the banner of truth forward, and in the same spirit the churches must stand by the continual missionary advance.

It was literally but a few minutes that I spent in the Portuguese outpost, as our ship touched Lisbon. A run of twelve miles by train along the Tagus and we came to Carcavellos, a little village on the sea coast. Here is our headquarters for Portugal, in a small four-room cottage, where Brother and Sister Rentfro, with baby Carlos, are laying the foundations for the coming greater work in this kingdom. These simple quarters made no display, but the workers love the people among whom they have lived for eighteen months, and they love this third angel's message, and that is the combination that makes for progress in this work the world over.

Thank God for a beginning in priest-ridden Portugal. For many years our

laborers going by Europe toward southern or eastern seas have passed Portugal as one of the great unentered Catholic fields. Now this missionary outpost places Portugal on our "entered" list. Doubtless ere this is read, Elder E. Schwantes from Brazil, will have joined the workers. They have a difficult field. Pray that God may lead the feet of the laborers to homes where honest hearts are waiting.

Along the Lisbon water front, one may see where the waters once swept over the lower city in the great Lisbon earthquake. The modern city of nearly half a million now covers the hills along the Tagus river. And we know that as surely as old Lisbon was wrecked by the great earthquake, as the sixth seal was opened, just so surely the new Lisbon, and not only this city, but all the cities of the nations, will fall in a little from now. We can never believe these things and make no effort to warn the world. To believe this message means to give our all of strength and resources in sending it forward. Up and down the earth it must go. And we must go with it, as God may lead, or help to send it, as He may enable.

The statue of Vasco da Gama, looking seaward from one of the Lisbon promenades, reminds us that Portugal was one of the agents of Providence in the discovery and exploration of the world, just as the light of the reformation was breaking over Europe. Now the truth of the last reform message is discovering the way into the hearts and homes in old Portugal.

W. A. SPICER.

*St. Vincent, Cape Verde Islands.*

## The Monks of the Inquisition and Our Work in Rome.

One Sabbath morning a bright young man stepped into our hall and made some inquiries concerning our belief. As he seemed much in earnest, we invited him to come and study with us. He was pleased to avail himself of the offer, and the more he studied the Message, the more the conviction fastened itself upon him that it was the truth.

He has lived his whole life in a strongly clerical atmosphere, as a pope and a number of cardinals have come from his family. Consequently there is a continual procession of priests visiting at his home. Some of his relatives are also monks in official positions. He has had, therefore, the opportunity of visiting very extensively among the monasteries of Rome, and becoming well initiate

into the secrets of the Dominicans, the monks of the Inquisition.

One evening on entering our meeting-hall he was seen by two Dominican monks, who quickly reported the matter to the head of the Order at Rome. This head was the confessor of the young man, and on very intimate terms with him. The next morning, the young man was summoned to come to the convent to appear before his confessor, who severely upbraided him and told him never to come into his presence again unless he ceased to attend the heretical meetings. The young man calmly replied that if he did not wish to see him any more he would not come. After some thought, the head Dominican recalled him and told him that he could visit the monastery as usual. However, he has been closely watched since, as the monks are afraid that while studying the Protestant religion he will reveal many of their secrets. They also watch him very closely to see whether he attends our meetings, and every time he enters the hall, he looks carefully around to see that there are no monks close at hand.

Our young friend is having studies with me at my home still, and is fully convinced of the truth. But besides the fight that the monks are waging, he has a severe struggle at home with his family who are much against the truth.

He had a great difficulty in giving up his belief in Mary, since, he said he had prayed to her and received definite answers to his prayers. But I showed him that Mary, together with the rest of the dead, is sleeping peacefully in her grave, and therefore has no power to help or intercede for us. He told me that he had promised Mary if she would grant him a certain favour he would repeat a certain prayer to her every night for eight years. And as the favour which he sought was realized by him, he wished to fulfill his vow. But when he came to study the truth he abandoned this promise, but still the thought of this vow troubled him. I had a long talk with him about it, and at the conclusion he said he would banish all thoughts of Mary from his mind. Since that evening he has had no more trouble about Mary-worship.

A little over a week ago he told me that he had burned that day all of his Catholic images, books and pictures. He had thought of bringing them to me that I might burn them for him, but he had decided, as he expressed it, not to make me an iconoclast for him.

—Chas. T. Everson.



# March of Events

## Useless Defences

The British Government has decided to abolish the defences at St. Helena and Weihai-wei. The former is off the west coast of Africa in the South Atlantic, and the latter in China. This is done because the defences were considered of no use in case of war.

## France

As a result of the Colliery disaster at Lens, France and subsequent socialistic agitation, a strike and rioting has occurred. It is due, to a large extent, to a feeling on the part of the miners that if proper precautions had been taken by the mining companies, no disaster would have taken place.

## Spain

"The final official draft of the Moroccan convention was signed by the delegates to the Algeiras Conference April 7. It is a document of 123 articles, and begins with an impressive introduction, setting forth that the emperors of Germany, Austria and Russia, the kings of Belgium, Spain, Great Britain, Italy, Portugal and Sweden, the presidents of the United States and of France, the sultan of Morocco and the queen of the Netherlands, 'desiring that order, peace and prosperity reign in Morocco and recognizing that the precious result is attainable through reforms based on the triple principle of the sovereignty of the sultan, the integrity of the empire and economic equality, have assembled their plenipotentiaries to consider the proposed reforms and to determine on the means to apply them.'"

"According to a press report from Indianapolis, the United States Steel Corporation is to build on the Indiana shore of Lake Michigan, between Hammond and Tolleton, the largest steel plant in the world, the cost of which is to be \$30,000,000, and which will employ 20,000 workmen. Where now there is nothing but a barren waste of sand, a new city is suddenly to spring up, it is prophesied, to be in a few years second only to Indianapolis among Indiana cities, and with shipping capabilities compared with which the immense docks and tonnage at South Chicago will be small."

## The San Francisco Earthquake

Most of our readers are conversant with the awful calamity which, during April, befell the city of San Francisco, California, U. S. A., as well as her neighbours. The telegrams from day to day followed her destinies through earthquake, fire and famine, and gave enough of the harrowing details to make any man, woman or child shudder with horror, and his heart go out in sympathy for those so terribly afflicted. We are quoting quite fully in the succeeding paragraphs, from reports made by eye-witnesses, and those who have gone through these harrowing days, believing that our readers will be interested in knowing something of the details concerning the experience and present conditions.

### Earthquake and Fire

The following is a statement of facts obtained from press reports, descriptive of what is doubtless the greatest catastrophe in point of wide-spread destruction, that has occurred in modern times.

At 5:13 o'clock in the morning of April 18, a large section of central California, adjacent to the coast, was shaken by a terrific earthquake,

several shocks following each other with diminishing severity, the first one being the most violent. The duration of the first shock was one minute, and in those places most affected, the earth's surface was agitated during this time like a storm-swept sea. Many of the older and less substantially built structures collapsed, burying their occupants beneath the ruins, or were so damaged that they fell at the next vibration. Only the strongest modern steel structures were able to withstand the shock without serious damage.

San Francisco, the metropolis of the Pacific Coast, with its miles of lofty buildings, and its four hundred thousand inhabitants, was of course the center of interest, destruction, and horror. The cheap lodging-houses and hotels near the water front, where the shock was worst, collapsed at once, causing the loss of several hundred lives. The collapse or wreck of warehouses, tenements, and other structures in the low-lying district of the city was general. Some of the largest buildings were likewise demolished. The great city hall, to erect which required seven million dollars and twenty years' time, was laid in ruins; likewise the new two-million-dollar post-office. A great section of the shell of the *Call* building, the tallest structure in the city, fell to the ground. The roofs or top floors of other large business buildings fell in, and only the fact that they were not occupied at that early morning hour prevented great loss of life.

Awakened, and in many cases thrown from their beds, by the first violent shock, the inhabitants of the city rushed into the streets with no thought but that of escape from burial beneath the wreck of their homes. Thousands did not take time to dress. In the streets they were still menaced by swaying walls, with each recurring vibration of the earth. It was impossible to reach a place of safety. All lights in the city were extinguished. Confusion and consternation reigned supreme.

When the first dread agency of destruction had spent its violence, another at once took up the work which it had begun. Fire, from crossed electric wires and broken gas-mains, broke out in a number of places. The water-mains had also been broken by the violence of the upheaval, and the water system of the city was rendered useless. The firemen responded to a general alarm, but were without water to fight the flames. The fire made steady and rapid headway, fanned by an east wind which carried it directly toward the heart of the city. There remained but the one hope of saving the city from destruction by the use of dynamite.

It was nine o'clock before the police, firemen, and the troops from the fort at the Golden Gate, had the populace under control, and then by order of the mayor, the city was put under martial law, and efforts began to arrest the conflagration by blowing up buildings in its path. No building was spared if its destruction seemed necessary, but every effort to stop the advancing sea of flame by this last resort was fruitless. Van Ness Avenue, with a width of ninety feet, was selected as a place to make a determined effort, along this avenue a mile of buildings were leveled. But when the flames reached it, they leaped across the intervening space. Finally the supply of dynamite became exhausted, and even this last hope of arresting the onward march of destruction was gone. The city was wholly given over to the devouring element.

As the fire's grasp upon the city became more complete, and it became evident that no

section would be spared, the terror-stricken people sought the wide open space of Golden Gate park and the Presidio, the only remaining refuge from the flames, except the sea. Here the greater part of the population were sheltered in tents, or slept in the open air, being supplied with food and water by the troops. Exit from the city, or ingress to it was prevented by the troops, acting under orders; but before martial law had become established, many thousands took passage across the bay to Oakland, where the earthquake had not inflicted serious damage. The streets of that city became lined with homeless, penniless refugees who had nothing to do but wait until some one came and offered them food and shelter. A description in the *Washington Post* says:—"Every few minutes there float through the suburbs into the town these processions of miserable, smoke-blackened, haggard, weeping people which made yesterday the beginning of this hell. Now and then you recognize some man, dressed like a tramp, dirty, dragging a miserable woman, as a prosperous business man or a sleek clerk whom you have known in San Francisco. They come to us hungry, mainly penniless, fairly begging something to eat from the public kitchens which the soldiers have set up in the streets."

Yesterday morning, April 18, I awoke about five o'clock, and as I was lying in bed planning the work of the day, I felt a sudden jarring of the house as if some one had sprung suddenly out of bed, and was running along the floor. . . . Almost immediately we realized that it was an earthquake, but did not think it would be serious, and did not apprehend that any harm would come to us or to the house, but we got outside as quickly as we could, so as to be safe from danger and to see whether harm was being done to the many water-towers and chimneys. In less than ten seconds the earthquake was at its worst. We were pitched one way and then another as if we were trying to walk in a rapidly moving cart over rough ground. As we went through the sitting-room, the three bookcases fell. Pictures and clocks, and everything movable was thrown violently to the floor. The piano rocked as if it were a dry-goods box, and every time it went back to the wall, it cut a hole. It punched a hole that way three times. The beds were rolled out from the walls, the couch rolled part way across to the piano, and dishes, lamps, and everything that could be pitched and broken, were hurled to the floor and broken.

"I suppose in less than ten seconds we were outside, but on the ground we were as unable to stand as in the house. I dropped down on one knee on the narrow sidewalk, and held on with all my might with both hands, and while in that position, I saw the most awful evidences of power and calamity that I have ever witnessed.

"The tanks which supplied the town water-system, and which I believe were one hundred and fifty feet high, fell and smashed like kindling wood. The Pacific Press water tower just back of our house swayed so much that the electric wires which were attached only about twelve feet from the ground were stretched so that they sagged down several feet. It reeled back and forth several times, and the water poured over the tops of the tanks in sheets, but the tower stood, though it leans to the east more than a foot. In every direction, there was a crash of water towers and buildings.

"The shaking was over in precisely twenty-eight seconds, according to the report of astronomical observations. We have heard that it lasted a minute. The majority of people were under the impression that it lasted five minutes."

A Los Angeles telegram says of the situation at Santa Rosa: "Compared to population, it is now believed that in Santa Rosa the greatest loss of life occurred from earthquake and fire, even if this unfortunate city does not lead in

(continued on page 12)





Devoted to the proclamation of the Faith once delivered to the Saints.

June 1, 1906.

Contents

**Poetry.**  
 The Anvil of God's Word. . . . . 1  
 Life's Tollers . . . . . 3  
 No Place for Boys. . . . . 7  
 The Way to London Town. . . . . 8  
 In the Old Arm Chair. . . . . 9  
 The Last Hour. . . . . 10

**Editorials.**  
 Our House in Heaven—Growing into the Light—  
 The Decay of Manhood. . . . . 6

**General.**  
 The Great Sick World. . . . . W. . . . . 1  
 Seth and Enoch. MRS. E. G. WHITE. . . . . 2  
 Unions and Combinations. . . . . 3  
 The Best Name. T. M. SPENCER. . . . . 4  
 Moses Wrote of Me. . . . . P. GIDDINGS. . . . . 5

**Health and Temperance.**  
 Open Air and Night Air. . . . . 7

**Our Young Folk.**  
 Judging by Appearances—About Beds. . . . . 8

**The Home.**  
 The Girl in the Car.—  
 Life's Sunset. . . . . 9

**Missions.**  
 One of the Outposts—The Monks of the Inquisition  
 and Our Work in Rome. . . . . 0

**March of Events.**  
 The San Francisco Earthquake.—By an eye-  
 witness. . . . . 11,12

**Cover Page III—**  
 The Eruption of Vesuvius—Railroading at Sea—  
 New Light on the Sahara.

he does that it is an American product, by people little acquainted with the Caribbean. Those associated in its editing, printing and publishing, are men who have spent years in the West Indies, and who, though not possessing a complete knowledge of local conditions, have learned much during the years of their sojourn.

It is not the purpose of this journal to malign; but truth, however strong it may seem to some, must be told when necessary. There are some things even among the churches which need the strongest measures in their cure, and because one may not like the truth to be told is no reason for hiding it. Had Luther, Calvin, Huss, Jerome or Wesley held their peace when it would have pleased some for them so to do, we had never known the fullness of freedom of conscience which we know to-day. The best way to settle forever the necessity for truth to be told is to obey the Bible injunction, "Go and sin no more."

(Continued from page 11.)

the actual number of victims. A quotation from a letter is given which states: "This town is in awful shape. There is not a single brick or stone building standing and scores of fine residences are in ruins. Fires broke out in the business district right after the shock, and burned dead and living alike. There were three large three-story hotels, and while all of them fell, but one took fire. . . . There would undoubtedly have been a great many lives saved if they could have been gotten out in the first twenty-four hours, but the task was so great it was an impossibility."

Concerning San Jose the same article says:—"San Jose, a city of thirty thousand people, suffered almost as severely as did Santa Rosa, though the reported loss of life was much less. Near San Jose was the Agnew Insane Asylum, which was totally wrecked, burying most of the demented inmates in its ruins. Those who escaped were tied to trees, while all hands sought to release those buried out of sight, but who could be distinctly heard shouting and talking after the manner of crazy people."

Of the lost lives and the homeless, we are told:—

"The latest estimate of the loss of life in San Francisco places the number at less than five hundred. This does not include the lives lost (said to number hundreds) by the reckless shooting of the improvised soldiers of the "vigilance committees," who under pretense of maintaining necessary order in the city, shot down both men and women for the most trivial causes. Among the victims of this class was Mr. H. C. Tilden, a member of Governor Pardee's staff, who was shot dead in his automobile while engaged in relief work. Mayor Schmitz was finally obliged to issue orders for the rigorous suppression of these martial bands."

An idea of the number of people seriously affected by the disaster may be gathered from the statement that the relief bureaus issued rations on April 24 to 349,440 persons.

(continued from page 6)

be made to tell in one's career; it blunts the sensibilities, and deadens the thinking faculties; because it kills the ambition and the finer instinct, and the more delicate aspirations and perceptions; because it destroys the ability to concentrate the mind, which is the secret of all achievement.

The whole tendency of the cigarette nicotine poison in the youth is to arrest development. It is fatal to all normal functions. It blights and blasts both health and morals. It not only ruins the faculties, but it unbalances the mind as well. Many of the most pitiable cases of insanity in our asylums are cigarette fiends. It creates abnormal appetites, strange, undefined longings, discontent, uneasiness, nervousness, irritability, and, an almost irresistible inclination to crime. In fact, the moral

depravity which follows the cigarette habit is something frightful. Lying, cheating, impurity, loss of moral courage and manhood, a complete dropping of life's standards all along the lines are its general results.

A leading magistrate of New York city is quoted in the same article as stating, that "Ninety-nine out of a hundred boys, between the ages of ten and seventeen years, who come before me charged with crime, have their fingers disfigured by yellow cigarette stains. . . . I am not a crank on this subject, I do not care to pose as a reformer, but it is my opinion that cigarettes will do more than liquor to ruin boys. When you have arraigned before you boys hopelessly deaf through the excessive use of cigarettes, boys who have stolen their sisters' earnings, boys who absolutely refuse to work, who do nothing but gamble and steal, you cannot help seeing that there is some direct cause, and a great deal of this boyhood crime is, in my mind, easy to trace to the deadly cigarette.

He gives the following probable course of a boy who begins to smoke cigarettes, "First, cigarettes. Second, beers and liquors. Third, craps—petty gambling. Fourth, horse racing—gambling on a bigger scale. Fifth, larceny. Sixth, state prison."

Another magistrate says:—"Yesterday I had before me thirty-five boy prisoners. Thirty-three of them were confirmed cigarette smokers. To-day, from a reliable source, I have made the gruesome discovery, that two of the largest cigarette manufacturers soak their product in a weak solution of opium. The fact that out of thirty-five prisoners thirty-three smoked cigarettes might seem to indicate some direct connection between cigarettes and crime. And when it is announced on authority, that most cigarettes are doped with opium, this connection is not hard to understand. Opium is like whisky,—it creates an increasing appetite that grows with what it feeds upon. A growing boy who lets tobacco and opium get a hold upon his senses is never long in coming under the domination of whisky, too. Tobacco is the boy's easiest and most direct road to whisky. When opium is added, the young man's chance of resisting the combined forces and escaping physical, mental, and moral harm is slim, indeed."

"Young men of great natural ability, everywhere, some of them in high position, are constantly losing their grip, deteriorating, dropping back, losing their ambition, their push, their stamina, and their energy, because of its deadly hold upon them. If there is anything a young man should guard as divinely sacred, it is the ability to think clearly, forcefully, and logically."

We wish our space permitted further quotations from this article which so strongly puts the true state of things before the world. Young men who have any desire for body and soul cleanliness, for a fellowship with Christ, heed the warning before it is too late and avoid this evil habit. The apostle writes, "And every man that striveth for the mastery, is temperate in all things." As he states, the majority of the world do it to succeed here, to obtain a corruptible crown. "But we an incorruptible." If the great business, financial and political interests of the world are so particular in these things, what stand ought not Christians to take. Verily, that professed Christian who can excuse himself for smoking, drinking and their attendant evils, will have a large account to settle if he obtain that incorruptible crown for which the Bible Christian strives.

Young men, young women, strive to be steady, upright, true to principle, avoid these pitfalls of the evil one. "Be ye clean." Like the lowly Jesus, like the disciples of old, "Run not uncertainly," "But keep under the body and bring it into subjection," that when the crown of life is bestowed you may be one whose brow is crowned.

W.



## The Eruption of Vesuvius

The present eruption of Vesuvius is proving exceptionally destructive. The beautiful region in the vicinity of the volcano is full of villages. Many of these are half buried under showers of ashes and other volcanic ejecta. Houses have collapsed under the weight of ashes and cinders, and in some cases fire has spread under the gray mantle that enveloped the whole region. Scenes of horror rivaling those attending the destruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum have been witnessed. It is impossible to tell how many have perished. But at this time (April 2nd.) the dead are estimated at five hundred and loss at \$20,000,000. For miles around the once fertile country is a desolation.

An eye-witness thus describes the destruction of one town:—

"All was quiet in the town just before its destruction the people believing they were safe from the stream of lava, but after midnight fierce rumblings were heard, followed by violent earth shocks, which shattered the windows and cracked the walls. The lava then began flowing from Mount Circamella, near where a fresh fissure had opened a few days ago. A wild panic ensued, the people rushing about in the street shrieking with terror. The Circamella crater was by that time hurling forth masses of incandescent rock and a current of fire was sweeping down the mountain with terrific speed, flowing in two streams. One of them, two hundred yards broad, was moving toward the center of the town. The population fled in terror to Torre Annunziata while the soldiers visited the houses in order to see that all the inhabitants escaped. In so doing they rescued several bed-ridden people who had been left behind by their terrified relatives."

"Indescribable scenes of panic were witnessed. The people seemed to have lost all control over themselves. The town was hardly evacuated when a river of fire invaded the houses, and soon afterward Boscotrecase seemed to be enveloped in flames. After passing Boscotrecase, the two streams of lava joined and flowed toward Torre Annunziata."

*Southern Watchman.*

## Railroading at Sea

Active construction work was lately begun on one of the oddest railways ever built in the United States. It will extend across the sea, from island to island, from the tip of the Florida peninsula to Key West.

Coral reefs, six or eight feet below the surface of the water, will offer foundation for the wooden trestle which will support the tracks between the islands, and in a few places where the channel is deep enough for vessels, draw-bridges will be put in. The piles of the trestle will be chemically treated, to enable them to withstand the attacks of marine insects, and may be faced with cement. No especially great engineering difficulties will be encountered in the work. The road will for most of the way be sheltered from the open sea by banks and keys, and it is thought that storms will not be able to dislodge it.

Many reasons combine to cause the building of the new road. One of these is the construction of the canal at Panama. Key West is a good many miles nearer the entrance to the canal than any other American port, and a railway terminus there will have great advantages in the matter of freight and passenger traffic for the canal and the west coast of South America.

A more immediate reason is the nearness to Cuba and the development of American railways there. Between Key West and Havana, the Straits of Florida are so narrow and so protected that railway transfer boats can be operated across them as they are across Lake Michigan. Trains of cars can be run upon steam-ferris at Key West, carried across the straits, restored to the land at Havana and sent to the far end of Cuba.

With the growth of fruit and truck-raising in Cuba and the constant demand for more supplies of these products in New York, such a line, offering speedy transit between the island and its market, becomes important. Santiago will then be but two days from New York and three from Chicago.—*The Youth's Companion.*

## New Light on the Sahara

The possibilities of the great African Desert form a subject in which not only Frenchmen are interested. In addition to the statements of explorers of recent years respecting the salubrity and fertility of considerable portions of the Sahara and the practicability of railway transportation from the northern coast to Central Africa, we now have the conclusions of the energetic explorer, M. E. F. Guatier, who has spent three years in studying the desert and has lately recrossed it. He thinks that the Sahara possesses no very great intrinsic value, but as an obstacle to communication between Europe and Central Africa it has been the subject of extravagant misrepresentation. M. Guatier says, as reported in *Le Temps* of Paris, that during his recent journey across it, he and his associates encountered only two hundred and fifty miles of really bad going. The Saharan sirocco seems to him really less distressing than that in Algeria, doubtless because the difference between the normal temperature and that of the sirocco is less noticeable in the desert. The nights he found always cool and restful, and the climate was healthful.

The great zone stretching from the Atlantic to Egypt, immediately north of the Soudan, has always been regarded as a part of the sterile and hopeless desert, but it is now believed to have a well-assured economic future, for sheep-raising and cattle-raising are quite possible there. In some seasons it is "a perfect paradise for sportsmen if they had the nerve to visit it; for there is an abundant profusion of animal life just as in the analogous steppes of East Africa—antelopes, gazelles, wild boar, giraffes, and lions."

M. Guatier is confident that the facts he has accumulated will, when fully known, completely alter the geological map of this part of Africa. He believes that during the Neolithic period the desert was inhabited, as seen by the immense numbers of arrow heads and stone axes which are to be found, and that then the dry water courses of the present were immense rivers. There are reasons for believing that to-day the sterility of the desert is not encroaching upon the Soudan, but that, on the contrary, the fertility of the Soudan is extending into the desert. —*World's Events.*

(Continued from page 7)

time. The ideal occupation for a young man with incipient consumption, in the condition sometimes called "threatened with consumption," would be that of motor-man on an electric car, with an open platform, if it were not for the jar and exertion of so frequently applying the brake. Just inasmuch as people can be tempted to live more in the open will the average of health improve. Cold does not cause "colds." Nansen and his men at the north pole did not suffer from respiratory affections, but several of them were down with grippy "colds" within a short time after their return. Dampness is not an active factor in the production of disease when there is adequate protection of the body by clothes, and when the food is abundant and nutritious, and there is no abuse of stimulants. Old traditions should not

be allowed to have weight in the face of modern carefully collated observations. Windows should always be open in sleeping-rooms, no matter how cold or damp the weather; and if care is taken to have dry, abundant bed-clothing, and a warm room to dress in, there not only need be no fear of evil consequences, but the health will always be better, and any tendency, particularly to respiratory diseases, the most frequently fatal affections of this stage of civilization, will surely be obviated.

—*The Independent.*

# Printing



Of all classes and styles done effectively, neatly and promptly at the Watchman Press, Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, W. I.

Intercolonial merchants will do well to get our prices before making their orders on London. Work delivered in shorter time and executed in as neat designs as at the home printeries.

Write for prices, and quotations on special lines to the Watchman Press  
31 Dundonald St,  
Port-of-Spain,  
Trinidad, W. I.

We print the **Caribbean Watchman** and **East Caribbean Gleaner**—examples of clean work.



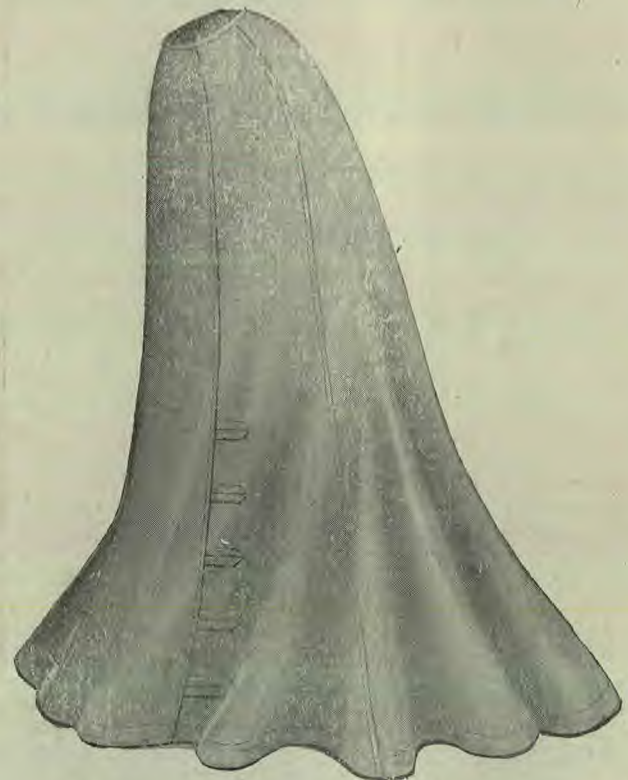
# STEPHENS

The Stores. \* \* \* \* LIMITED.

Port-of-Spain, - - - Trinidad, B.W.I.

## SKIRTS

WHITE PIQUE AND DUCK  
WASHING SKIRTS, TO CLEAR  
AT 72 cts EACH, WORTH \$1.20



## BLOUSES

LADIES' COLOURED MUSLIN BLOUSES  
48 cents,  
LADIES' WHITE SILK BLOUSES  
FROM \$1.20 TO \$5.00

THE BEST PLACE TO BUY EVERYTHING

*In replying to Advertisements please mention "Caribbean Watchman."*